

A Great Story  
IS NOW RUNNING.  
NOW IS YOUR TIME  
TO SUBSCRIBE  
FOR  
THE LEDGER.

**Dr. Jacobson's**  
Cures  
RHEUMATISM.  
For 25 Years.  
First Published, September 1, 1893.  
I have been afflicted with rheumatism in my joints for twenty years and had to be confined to my bed for several months. I was finally cured by Dr. Jacobson's medicine. I have had no return since. I am now able to do all my work and travel.  
J. H. TRAVELER.  
Over 25 Years' Standing Cured.  
The GOOD OFFICE OF:  
Dr. Jacobson's  
Cures  
RHEUMATISM.  
It will relieve the most severe cases of rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, and all other forms of nerve pain. It is a powerful blood purifier and a general tonic. It is sold by all druggists and dealers.  
THE WHEAT CROP IS A LITTLE SHORT THIS YEAR.  
The Mexico Ledger never does anything by halves.  
There is nothing too good for the Mexico ladies.  
Bessie, Mary and Belle are very popular names in Mexico.  
Get ready to entertain the strangers during the encampment.  
If you want to keep up with the procession take the daily Ledger.  
EVERYBODY IN Mexico is interested in the success of the encampment.  
The chapel for Hardin College will be completed before the next commencement.  
Vern came on Saturday in package of 2,000 for the most popular young lady in Mexico.  
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In a card addressed to the editor of the Ledger, Hon. Champ Clark withdrew from the race for Congress.  
If we were correctly informed, somebody at sometime said Downing was running for Railroad Commissioner.  
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The Ledger's contest for the most popular young clerk in Mexico will be the event in local circles during 1890.  
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A Clean Paper!  
The LEDGER  
Is pre-eminently a family paper. It is conservative and pure in tone. Nothing of an unclean nature ever gets into its columns.  
The LEDGER has the Largest Circulation of any paper in the county.  
AN EDITOR'S PASS.  
All is Not Sunshine in Being a Deadhead.  
One of the beauties and charms of the editor's life is his deadheading it on all occasions. No one who has never feasted on the sweets of that bliss can begin to take in the glory of its happiness. He does \$100 worth of advertising for a railroad, gets a "pass" for a year, rides \$25 worth, and then he is looked upon as a deadhead, or a half-blown deadhead. He puffs a concert troupe \$10 worth and gets \$1 in complimentary, and is thus passed "free." If the ball is crowded he is begrudged the room he occupies, for if his complimentary were paying tickets the troupe would be so much in pocket. He blows and puffs a church festival free to any desired extent, and does the poster printing at half rates, and rarely gets a thank you for it. It goes as part of his duty as an editor. He does more work gratuitously for the town and community than all the rest of the population put together, and gets cursed for it all, while in many instances where a man who donates a few dollars to a Fourth of July celebration, base ball club, or church, is gratefully remembered. Oh, it is a sweet thing to be an editor! He passes "free," you know.  
BOB INGERSOLL IN MEXICO.  
Col. Ingersoll, at the last Lone Club dinner, told a new and funny story. Here it is: "I have a friend," said the genial Bob, "who dreamed that he died and went to Heaven. He wandered through the place without meeting anyone whom he had ever known or heard of. Meeting a spirit he asked: 'Where's Voltaire?' 'Oh, he's not here.' 'Nor Jean-Jacques Rousseau?' 'No.' 'Nor Bob Ingersoll?' 'Oh, dear me, no. They're all over there in hell,' and the spirit pointed away to a place quite distant. 'Can I go over there and see the place?' 'Certainly, you can get a return ticket if you like.' So the man bought his ticket and started. 'He came to a most charming place and, entering, was amazed to find it delightful in every way. He met all of his friends, companions and the men whose writings he had admired, and to one expressed his unbounded appreciation of all the attractions there. 'Yes, it's very beautiful. You should have seen the place when we came. We have made it over,' said one of the free-thinkers. The man who had come visiting left the others and wandered anxiously up and down, looking to the right and left. 'For what are you searching?' asked one of him. 'I am looking for some one to whom I can sell my return ticket,' was the answer."

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**LUCKY LADIES!**  
Three To Go Instead  
Of Two.  
MISSSES McKINLEY, NELSON AND INLOW ALL FAVORITES.  
The Vote so Close it is Almost Impossible to Distinguish Which Lady Has The Most Friends.

**THE GRAND WIND-UP IN THE LEDGER VOTING CONTEST EXCITING IN THE EXTREME—NOTHING LIKE IT EVER TOOK PLACE IN MEXICO BEFORE.**  
The Crowd Enthusiastic to the Last—The Ledger's Presses Kept Busy All Last Night—An Enormous Vote Polled—Ballot Box Empty Twenty-Four Times To-Day.  
**THE RESULT.**  
First: Miss Bessie McKinley, 4109.  
Second: Miss Mary Nelson, 3136.  
Third: Miss Belle Inlow, 2762.

From Saturday's Daily.  
The polls in the Ledger contest for the most popular young ladies closed promptly at 2 o'clock this afternoon. The wind-up was exciting in the extreme, and showed the novel contest to have been the most successful newspaper enterprise that ever took place in Mexico, or, indeed, anywhere in this section of the State. The Ledger's press was kept running constantly from 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon until after 3 o'clock this morning. Fifty or more people were kept busy all night cutting out and writing names on the coupons. At 7 o'clock this morning orders again began to pour in for more papers—no order asking for less than 500 and several for more than 1,000, which kept the press going until after 12 o'clock, printing 1800 papers per hour. People stood around and in the office last night until they were sure nobody had filed a bigger order for extras than they had. Groups of excited persons stood on the streets and discussed which ladies would be the favorites. Every few minutes some excited individual would rush into the office and ask questions no man on earth could answer; then he would dart out and tell his crowd their favorite was all right. The ballots began pouring into the box this morning as early as 6 o'clock and by noon it had been emptied 24 or 25 times. A rough estimate of the number of votes put in the box last night and today, we think, would place it in the neighborhood of 14,000 or 15,000. A large number of the ballots were put in in such bad shape that a great deal of trouble was had in straightening them out for counting. Votes were deposited in such rapid succession at the finish that it required the services of seven experts to count them. At 10 o'clock the crowd around the ballot box was so large that those whose business it was to take the ballots out could not get near it for more than half an hour. The scene at this time around the office was exciting in the extreme. The "Ghost District" flurry of several years ago was nothing to compare with it. In that memorable instance big crowds gathered around the office to learn the latest from the "Deconstruct," but that jam and confusion wasn't a patch on this morning. The scene in the office at 11 o'clock was indescribable—the compositors were crowded from their cases in the jam and all work was suspended except running the press, which kept turning out the magic little coupon which was to tell the tale of which of all the popular candidates would be the lucky ones. People talked and guessed, and lingered near the ballot box; big, little, old and young came to vote for their favorite. Old men whom one would suppose took no interest in such affairs were on hand with ballots; old ladies, middle aged ladies and misses made it a point to get down town early to do their voting—using coupons they had perhaps saved up since the first day the contest began. Little "tads" who could not reach the box tripped up and asked, "Mister, please put this in;" for Miss Bessie, or Belle, or Mary, or else for one of the other young lady contestants. Little boys came around with packages

so large they could not be gotten into the box, so they were brought up into the office and counted. The last ballot placed in the box, exactly at 2 o'clock, came from the dainty hands of a little girl scarcely 8 years of age. She handled the magic piece of paper like some people we know of clinging to a \$20 bill—fearful lest it would not go where it would do the most good. A gentleman standing near asked the little lady who it was for. "For my friend, Miss Belle," she archely replied, and went away as proud as a man who casts his first vote for President of the United States. At exactly 2 o'clock the ballot box was closed, although at that time a number of persons were approaching to cast their votes. These were refused, and promptly on time the great contest ended.  
On casting up the vote the three leaders in the contest were found to have been so close together that, upon consultation, the committee decided that all three ought to go upon the trip and, of course, the Ledger graciously consented to the plan. We may add the proprietor of this paper regrets that every young lady who was in the contest cannot take the pleasure trip as a guest of the Ledger. It is not out of place to state that each candidate received a handsome vote and the friends of each stood by their favorite to the end.  
As heretofore announced, the party will leave the Union Depot at 1:15 over the Chicago & Alton road. The train will arrive in St. Louis about 7 o'clock, and our guests will take carriages to the Laclede Hotel. The programme has been outlined in a previous issue. We neglected to state, however, that the Chicago & Alton officials, with their proverbial kindness and generosity, offered to place at the disposal of the Ledger's guests a special coach. The favor in this shape was declined with thanks, as such an expense to the company was deemed by us unnecessary. The General Passenger and Ticket Agent, J. Charlton, then tendered transportation for the Ledger party, which was kindly accepted. The Chicago & Alton traverses sections of the most beautiful country to be found anywhere. The scenery at many places along the route is superb; the "Father of Waters" is crossed twice on the trip to St. Louis; the train service of this much-traveled and widely-known road is not surpassed by any railroad line in the world; the head officials are obliging and courteous, and the same can be said of every employee, down to car porter. It is an undisputed fact that its conductors are the most popular and best liked by the public of any road running out of Kansas City. This is the verdict of the people.  
The management of the Laclede Hotel advised us by mail this morning that the party would be expected Monday evening for supper, and that all arrangements had been completed for the entertainment, in the usual style of that first-class house, of our guests. We are assured that no pains will be spared by the Laclede to treat the party handsomely and we know this will be done.  
A large crowd will be at the depot Monday afternoon to bid the party good-speed on the journey.  
**In Memory of Alex. Phipps.**  
From the Moberly Herald.  
Mrs. M. L. Phipps returned from Mexico to-day, where she attended decorative services on the 30th. A number of floral tributes were sent by the citizens of Moberly to decorate the grave of the late Col. Phipps, whose memory is still green in the hearts of the citizens of Moberly.  
The largest corpse ever conveyed to a grave in Missouri was, perhaps, that of the negroess known as Big Jude, buried a few days ago in New Madrid. The coffin was 36 inches broad, 3 feet long and 36 inches deep. She weighed 750 pounds. It required the strength of sixteen pall-bearers to place her in the wagon, made for the occasion, and lower her into the grave which was 12 feet long.  
The funeral services of Mrs. Mary A. Lakenan were held at her late residence at 10 o'clock Saturday, by Rev. E. K. Miller, of the M. E. Church, South. It was attended by a large concourse of friends. Remains were interred in the new cemetery.  
"Your are dead wrong," said Amy to her friend, in the course of an argument about some trifles. "You should not say 'dead wrong,'" was the High School Girl's correction; "a 'fatally incorrect' is a much better expression."

**DOBYNS' DILEMMA.**  
The Police Officer Makes a Statement to the Public.  
WM. HAPPE, HUSBAND OF THE LADY WHO CLAIMED TO HAVE BEEN INSULTED, EXCORIATES POLICEMAN DOBYNS.  
Sole Statement from Mrs. Callie C. Orr Denying that She Sent a Note to Dobyne—The Whole Thing a Scheme to Injure the Officer.  
To the Public:  
MEXICO, Mo., June 5.—I want to make a statement concerning the affair in which I am unfortunately involved, and about which an article appeared in yesterday's LEDGER.  
About three weeks ago Irvin Caldwell brought me a note purporting to come from a lady, whose name did not appear in the note, but who Caldwell said was Mrs. Happe. The note said the writer wanted to see me on business, and would tell me something to my interest if I would call at her house.  
I then wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, which I gave to Caldwell, in which I said if she wanted to see me she could do so at any time as I was passing.  
Last week I received another note from the same darkey, Caldwell, and which he said was sent me by the same lady and saying that she had not got to see me according to promise, but that William Happe was going to St. Louis and she wanted to see me before he went. This note I did not answer.  
I went to her house last Monday evening about 7 o'clock and asked her what business she had with me. She said she had none.  
I asked her then what she had been writing to me for.  
She said she had not written to me.  
I said then probably I had been misinformed, and that I would investigate the matter and find out about it. I told her that this darkey had brought me two notes which he said she had sent me.  
She denied sending me any notes.  
I told her I would see the darkey about the matter, and that I was very sorry it had occurred, and that I would do all in my power to straighten the matter up.  
She seemed to be very well contented with this and I turned around and left her.  
The next morning Mr. William Happe went with me and saw the darkey, who said that the notes were not from Mrs. Happe; that I was mistaken, but from a lady down "on the corner" named Mrs. Orr. That seemed to satisfy Mr. Happe, and he said it was clearly a mistake and that we would drop the matter and say no more about it. Herewith is published the affidavit of Mrs. Orr, which speaks for itself.  
**STATE OF MISSOURI, COUNTY OF AUDRAIN.**—Mrs. Callie C. Orr, being duly sworn on her oath, states that she never had, at any time, written or caused to be written to Mr. J. P. Dobyne, for herself or any one else, a note, letter or paper on any subject or for any purpose whatever. She furthermore swears that she had never sent a note to any person whatever by one Irvin Caldwell, colored, better known as "Wick-Wack."  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of June, 1890.  
JOHN W. HOWELL,  
Notary Public.  
[My commission as Notary will expire the 3d day of Nov., 1893.]  
This is all I know of this matter. I never insulted the lady nor intended to do so. I was led into a trap without suspecting it. I went, as I ought to have done, in response to a lady's request. Who wrote and sent me the notes I do not know. I only know that I intended no wrong to anyone, and this is a full and fair statement of the whole matter.  
Respectfully,  
JOSEPH P. DOBYNS.  
[SEAL.] Subscribed and sworn to before me June 5, 1890.  
HYMAN MOORE,  
Notary Public.  
**Trained St. Bernard Dogs.**  
The famous St. Bernard dogs are very carefully trained. A traveler who visited some of the monasteries of the monks of St. Bernard a few years ago found the monks teaching their dogs from the earliest stages of puppyhood. Not only is physical and mental training included in the teaching, but spiritual culture is by no means neglected. At meal time the dogs sit in a row, each with a tin dish before him containing his repast. Grace is said by one of the monks; the dogs sit motionless with bowed heads. Not one stirs until the "amen" is spoken. If a frisky puppy partakes of his meal before grace is over an older dog growls and gently tugs his ear.  
W. H. Logan, of Laddonia, was up Wednesday getting his bond as notary public acknowledged and his commission filled out.

**A REAL ROMANCE.**  
Love Laughs at Locksmiths and Old People.  
Romantic Marriage of Mr. Thos. Patton and Miss Bertha Clem—The Captain Outwitted.  
A little over a year ago a young man named Thos. Patton, in search of work, stopped at the house of Capt. Clem, just west of town. He was engaged to labor on the farm, and by his pleasing ways and industrious habits he was not long in getting on friendly terms with the family; in fact, he became quite a favorite. It was not a great while until Thos.'s whole attention was turned toward Miss Bertha, the beautiful daughter of Mr. Clem. His devotion to the girl became so apparent and the couple were so thoroughly attached to one another, that Mr. Clem deemed it his duty to dismiss the young man from his employ, which he did, thinking, perhaps, that he would settle the love affair, but it did not. Their affection for one another only grew stronger at their separation and they planned to meet and talk, in a clandestine way, until the irate father, madened by the way things were going, accosted the young man and forbade him going with his daughter. The young man, angered by Mr. Clem's actions, swore he would have the girl or die. Sentinels were put out and every step the girl took was quickly reported to Mr. Clem. Last evening Miss Bertha, so it seems, was to have called upon some of her friends, but instead got with her lover, and after a few moments conversation he went over to the Recorder's office and procuring a marriage license the happy couple repaired to B. H. Tuttle's restaurant and were married by Eld. Taylor, of the Christian Church. The father of the girl was duly notified of what was going on, but before he could get to town the lovers were married and had left the restaurant for parts unknown. The Captain, so we are told, swears vengeance upon his newly-made son-in-law, but he will do just like every other indulgent father—take the children home and slaughter the fatted calf.  
**Jersey Cows.**  
The New York Times, in an article on famous Jersey cows, says the man who first proved that a cow could be bred and fed into giving a larger quantity and fuller quality of milk was V. E. Fuller, of Hamilton, Ont. Mr. Fuller had a finely bred Jersey cow, Marianne of St. Lambert. He made a chemical analysis of milk and various foods, and found that peas contained more butter fats than ordinary grain. He then fed his cow on pea meal, and to give her an appetite had her feed five miles each day during the winter, heavily blanketed. The result of this treatment was that when the American Jersey Cattle Club sent up an inspector it was found that the cow had completed a year's test and had produced 854 pounds 14 ounces of butter, against the 778 pounds 1 ounce of Eurotas, the then highest known record.  
Alfred B. Darling, of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, was a pioneer in breeding fine Jersey cattle in this country. He imported two fine cows in 1873 in order to excel his partner, Paron Stevens, in dairy products. When Mr. Stevens died Darling bought the best cattle from his herd, among them Violet and Daisy, two famous cows. Mr. Kellogg, the renowned Jersey fancier, urged Mr. Darling to make a butter test of his cattle, and Eurotas tested twenty pounds in one week and 778 pounds in one year.  
Ex-Congressman Burnett conducted an official test for the cattle club on Bomba, a two-year-old daughter of Eurotas, and she produced twenty-one pounds eleven ounces of butter in a week. People who laughed at the idea of such records were finally compelled to acknowledge that the Jersey as a butter cow was supreme. Mr. Kellogg labored diligently for two years to collect similar records, and these he published. The result was that in 1880 the cow Myrah brought \$1,400 and the cow Lass Edith, \$1,425 at public auction. These were unheard of prices. In 1883 sixty-four Jersey cattle were sold at auction in one day at an average price of \$1,200.08. In 1885, the yearling Bomba's Daughter, sold for \$5,100 at public auction, the highest price ever paid for a cow at public auction—\$6,200. Eurotas, the Jersey cow which has just broken the butter record for a year with over 940 lbs., cannot be bought at any price.  
Louis Shroufe got on a "high lonesome" Wednesday and in consequence was this morning fined \$5.00. He was lodged in the cooler. Shroufe paid his fine, got drunk again and was re-arrested this afternoon.

**WM. DAUDERMAN TALKS.**  
Had no Idea of Committing Suicide, as Was Reported.  
The Laddonia Herald says Wm. Dauderman states that he had no thought of committing suicide because his lover, Miss Susie Richardson, ended her life by that means Tuesday of last week, as was stated by the Mexico papers.  
To a Herald representative he stated that he wanted to live as long as possible in order to show to the people that he was worthy of the one who took her life for his sake. "I had been going to see Susie," said he, "for a year. Her mother objected to my coming to see her daughter. We were to have been married last February at Bowling Green, while Susie was visiting her uncle there, but the house burned and most of her things with it. Again we had matters arranged to go to Mexico and get married while she worked for Mr. Beck, at Rush Hill, but the same week Mr. Joe Seal's wife took sick and I consented for her to go and work for Mr. Seal. She had some quilts and other things made and was going to make another quilt. Her mother told her if she was bound to marry that dutchman she would have to do her sewing somewhere else besides at home.  
"I had all my furniture bought and we were fixed for going to housekeeping at once. Of course the news of her death shocked me. Mr. John Braden first told me about it, and I was again met by him before I got to the house and told that Susie's mother didn't want me to come near, as she didn't wish to see me. I told Mr. Braden I would go and see the girl if there were 500 Richardsons in the house—and I went.  
"A gold ring, breastpin and earrings that I gave her were placed on her before burial. Her mother even objected to this, but Mrs. Braden relieved her of this by putting them on any way. I had some trouble with Pete Richardson about a year ago over a threatening machine and the old lady has not liked me since. Mr. Richardson at first objected to my coming to see Susie, but finding it of no avail finally gave in.  
"The old lady would not have found it out until after we were married if it had not been for some middleclass talebearers who carried her news. I don't blame Mr. Seal or any of his folks for it. I think better people than they never lived, and I only wish you to publish this in order to let the people know the facts in the case."  
**Farmers' and Laborers' Union.**  
The following is the declaration of principles of the Farmers' and Laborers' Union, known in this county as the Wheel:  
**DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.**  
"1st. To labor for the education of the agricultural classes in the science of economical government in a strictly non-partisan spirit, and to bring about a more perfect union of said classes.  
"2nd. That we demand equal rights to all and special favors to none.  
"3rd. To indorse the motto; 'In all things essential, unity; and in all things, charity.'  
"4th. To develop a better estate; mentally, morally, socially and financially.  
"5th. To constantly strive to secure entire harmony and good will to all mankind, and brotherly love among ourselves.  
"6th. To suppress personal, local, sectional, and national prejudice, all unhealthy rivalry, and all selfish ambition.  
"7th. The brightest jewels which it garners are the tears of widows and orphans, and its imperative commands are to visit the homes where lacerated hearts are bleeding, to assuage the sufferings of a brother or sister, bury the dead, care for the widows, and educate the orphans; to exercise charity toward offenders, to construe words and deeds in their most favorable light, granting honesty of purpose and good intentions to others, and to protect the principles of the Farmers' and Laborers' Union of America until death. Its laws are reason and equity, its cardinal doctrine inspire purity of thought and life, its intention is, 'On earth peace and good-will to man.'"  
**A Magnificent Sword.**  
The German Emperor has just had a magnificent sword manufactured in Berlin, as a gift to the Sultan. A lion's head in gold with ruby eyes forms the top; the hilt is formed by the Sultan's monogram in gold, set with very fine brilliants. The blade is of glided steel with a nickel scabbard, and the sword knot is set with diamonds. The whole is a wonderful piece of workmanship, and does credit to the technical art of Berlin.  
Judge M. L. Rafferty, of Laddonia, was up on business Friday. The Judge says he is going to the St. Joe convention. He is a warm and enthusiastic supporter of MacFarlane for Supreme Judge.

**MANSFIELD KING.**  
The Famous Criminal Sending Officers on Foolish Errands.  
The St. Louis Republic says after the conference of Messrs. Moffat, Thiel, Honeyman, Jno. W. McElhinney and Wm. B. Thompson with Mansfield King, the famous criminal, who is now confined in the jail at Clayton, and at which the president and janitor of the First National Bank of Denver completely identified the prisoner as the man who so boldly entered the bank and walked out with \$21,000, Messrs. McElhinney and Thompson, his attorneys, having secured information from their client as to the whereabouts of that iron pot with the tin and copper cover, left immediately for Ralls county, to secure it and rescue the \$29,000 from its place of concealment. They searched diligently around all of the hickory stumps and trees in the neighborhood of the designated spot, but it is presumed, without success, as they have not been doing any very long talking since their return. An attempt is being made now to convey the impression that he is insane, or at least of unsound mind. Such is not the case. His mind is strong and vigorous. He asserts positively that he has the banker's money and \$18,000 more, and promises if the authorities will agree not to prosecute him for the Denver crime, he will refund the money stolen, pay the reward of \$2,500 which was offered for his capture, and the return of the money, and pay all other expenses. That he is an unconscionable liar goes without saying; that he is an impostor is not true, and that he is enjoying the discomfiture of those who are making pilgrimages to Ralls County in search of his "sawg" is potent to anyone who will converse with him 10 minutes. The man is not insane, but is one of the grandest and shrewdest knaves unhung. As soon as he finds out that there is no escape from the clutches of the officers of the penitentiary he will divulge the hiding place of his unlawfully accumulated wealth.  
**The Great Lakes.**  
The greatest length of Lake Superior is 400 miles; its greatest width is 160 miles; the mean depth 900 feet; the area is about 32,000 miles, and its surface is about 635 feet above the level of the sea.  
Lake Michigan's greatest length is 335 miles; its greatest width, which is opposite Milwaukee, is 88 miles; mean depth 900 to 1,000 feet; area about 20,000 square miles and the elevation above the sea 600 feet.  
Lake Huron's greatest length is about 280 miles; its greatest width, exclusive of Georgian Bay, is 105 miles; its mean depth is greater than any other of the great lakes, averaging 1,000 feet, and off Saginaw Bay it is said that leads have sunk 1,800 feet without reaching bottom; its area is 21,000 square miles and its elevation 578 feet.  
Lake Erie's greatest length is 240 miles; its greatest width is 55 miles; its mean depth 120 feet, elevation 565 feet, and area about 9,000 miles.  
Lake Ontario's greatest length is 190 miles; its greatest width 55 miles; mean depth 500 feet; its area about 6,500 square miles, and its elevation 232 feet.  
Lake Superior is the largest, Ontario the smallest, Huron the deepest, Erie the shallowest, and Michigan is the only one of the great lakes wholly within the United States.  
**A Card to the Public.**  
To the Editor of the Ledger.  
MEXICO, Mo., June 6.—Sir: You will please give this a place in your paper. As to Happe and wife exonerating Dobyne from any wrong in the unsigned notes matter, we believe him guilty of a grave wrong. On the evening of the occurrence Dobyne was at my house in company with me and my wife, and I went home with Dobyne to do some painting for him. After arriving at his house I went to work and Dobyne returned to my house and made known to my wife in my absence the confidential note matter, which could be nothing short of a gross insult to any lady. Why did he not speak of the matter while we were all at my house together? I will leave the public to judge. And, as a police officer, would it not have been more prudent in him to, instead of carrying the note or notes two or three weeks, to come to us at once and make the proper inquiry, so that he could be called a protector instead of a disturber? So here the public may again be the judge.  
C. W. HAPPE.  
ETNA HAPPE.  
Sam Johnson (who, thanks to his lawyer, has just been acquitted of robbing a smoke-house)—"I'm mighty obliged ter yer fer gittin' me outa dis scrape."  
Lawyer—"How about my fees?" Johnson—"I ain't got no money, boss; but how is yer off for bacon?"—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

Born, to Mike Shire and wife, a son.  
The grand jury adjourned Friday afternoon.  
Fred Hagedorn is in Illinois on business.  
Mrs. Glascock is here from Nevada, Mo., on business.  
Sipple Bros. are going to open a branch photograph gallery in Laddonia.  
Harry Plunkett and bride, of Brunswick, Mo., were in Mexico Friday.  
Park Commissioner Steele is making Hardin Park loom up in great shape.  
Born, Wednesday, to Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Campbell, of North Wade street, a daughter.  
"Wick-Wack," alias Irvin Caldwell, colored, has fled the city and will never return.  
A reliable rumor says Dr. Scott, formerly of Thompson Station, died in Texas this week.  
Louis Shroufe, who was arrested yesterday for drunkenness, was fined \$9.50 this morning.  
Miss Belle Morris is going to spend the summer at one of the fashionable watering places.  
There is a time for all things. The prudent man steals an umbrella when no rain is falling.  
Dr. T. J. Turner, who has been sojourning in Texas for quite a while, returned home last night.  
The grand jury did not find a true bill against Joe Reynolds for shooting at "Fighting Johnny" Rodgers.  
P. H. Cullen, of the Vandalia Leader, and Miss Bevie L. Coll, of near Perry, were married at Martinsburg Tuesday.  
J. W. Ellis sold about 10,000 pounds of the best wool ever grown in Audrain county to Geo. Kabric at a fancy price.  
At the opening of the Terre Haute trotting meeting Sunol gave an exhibition, and without an effort showed a quarter over a slow track at 2:15 1-2 gait.  
Rev. J. A. Mumpson tells the Ledger that he raised a strawberry in his patch which measured 6 and 5-8 inches in circumference. The berry was of the Gandy tribe.  
Geo. A. Morris had his great Jersey bull, Upstart of St. Lambert, 20621, A. J. C. C., brought to town to-day to let the farmers see him. This animal is closely related to the best Jersey families in the world.  
A. W. Cauthorn, of Portland, Oregon, formerly of Mexico, was married to Miss Gussie Fuller at the residence of her parents in East Portland on Wednesday, May 28. The groom's many friends in Audrain extend congratulations.  
**Circuit Court Proceedings.**  
M. A. Guthrie vs. W. F. Quisenberry; judgment for defendant.  
Geo. Kabric vs. State Ins. Co., Iowa; judgment for plaintiff \$514 debt and \$50 damages.  
M. C. Glascock vs. R. J. Nelson et al.; continued.  
Julia E. Perry et al. vs. Reuben Hill et al.; submitted to court on agreed statement of facts.  
I. H. Ganti vs. R. F. Vanhorn et al.; judgment as prayed for in petition.  
Avery Planter Co. vs. J. F. Baker; judgment for plaintiff and foreclosure of mortgage.  
A. H. Jones et al. vs. Jno. P. Keizer et al.; judgment as prayed for in petition.  
W. W. Harper et al. vs. H. C. Price; judgment and decree as prayed for in petition.  
Jno. J. Cox et al. vs. J. S. Trimble; judgment for plaintiff.  
Jno. J. Cox et al. vs. T. R. Shock; judgment for plaintiff.  
Pettit Jury discharged.  
J. R. Fritts vs. R. W. McClelland, case No. 1, after jury was impaneled plaintiff took non-suit.  
J. R. Fritts vs. R. W. McClelland, No. 2, case continued abiding suit No. 1.  
W. B. McIntire, administrator estate Milne Crawford vs. Frank T. Crawford; case called; jury impaneled, and plaintiff takes nonsuit.  
Margaret A. Guthrie vs. W. P. Quisenberry et al.; jury trial.  
Annie B. Delorande vs. St. Louis & Keokuk railroad; jury failed to agree, case continued.  
**LONGSTREET IN ST. LOUIS.**  
Several of His Soldiers Going Down to See Him.  
General Longstreet was in St. Louis and, as will be seen from the following telegram, would love to see any of his old soldiers:  
To Gen. E. Moore, Mexico, Mo.:  
ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 5.—Gen. Longstreet says he will be happy to see you. Will be here until last of next week. Is at my residence.  
JEROME HILL.  
Joe Moore went to St. Louis to see Gen. Longstreet, and others are going down in a day or so. Among those from Mexico who were in Longstreet's company are Joseph Moore, H. A. Ricketts, R. C. Paul, Wm. Paul and others.

**AN EDITOR'S PASS.**  
All is Not Sunshine in Being a Deadhead.  
One of the beauties and charms of the editor's life is his deadheading it on all occasions. No one who has never feasted on the sweets of that bliss can begin to take in the glory of its happiness. He does \$100 worth of advertising for a railroad, gets a "pass" for a year, rides \$25 worth, and then he is looked upon as a deadhead, or a half-blown deadhead. He puffs a concert troupe \$10 worth and gets \$1 in complimentary, and is thus passed "free." If the ball is crowded he is begrudged the room he occupies, for if his complimentary were paying tickets the troupe would be so much in pocket. He blows and puffs a church festival free to any desired extent, and does the poster printing at half rates, and rarely gets a thank you for it. It goes as part of his duty as an editor. He does more work gratuitously for the town and community than all the rest of the population put together, and gets cursed for it all, while in many instances where a man who donates a few dollars to a Fourth of July celebration, base ball club, or church, is gratefully remembered. Oh, it is a sweet thing to be an editor! He passes "free," you know.  
**BOB INGERSOLL IN MEXICO.**  
Col. Ingersoll, at the last Lone Club dinner, told a new and funny story. Here it is: "I have a friend," said the genial Bob, "who dreamed that he died and went to Heaven. He wandered through the place without meeting anyone whom he had ever known or heard of. Meeting a spirit he asked: 'Where's Voltaire?' 'Oh, he's not here.' 'Nor Jean-Jacques Rousseau?' 'No.' 'Nor Bob Ingersoll?' 'Oh, dear me, no. They're all over there in hell,' and the spirit pointed away to a place quite distant. 'Can I go over there and see the place?' 'Certainly, you can get a return ticket if you like.' So the man bought his ticket and started. 'He came to a most charming place and, entering, was amazed to find it delightful in every way. He met all of his friends, companions and the men whose writings he had admired, and to one expressed his unbounded appreciation of all the attractions there. 'Yes, it's very beautiful. You should have seen the place when we came. We have made it over,' said one of the free-thinkers. The man who had come visiting left the others and wandered anxiously up and down, looking to the right and left. 'For what are you searching?' asked one of him. 'I am looking for some one to whom I can sell my return ticket,' was the answer."